



**You've got
stars, they're in
your eyes**

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You've got stars, they're in your eyes by emmisaysmufasa

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Crushes, Fluff, M/M, Post Film, i guess?, idk i think they're really sweet together tbh, this is set before the blood pact but like after the defeat of It

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

a reddie oneshot, with the rest of the losers

You've got stars, they're in your eyes

Author's Note:

This is not my story or my characters, and i am not affiliated in any way with Stephen King, the writers of IT, or any of the actors or anything.
my IT blog is @losersgazebos on tumblr!

The grass was cool and damp under Eddie's feet, and a voice in his head screamed at him- 'remember what your mom said about grass allergies!'- until he shook it off and turned his attention back to the rest of the Losers.

The Losers. It felt nice, in a way, to call themselves that- using that label that used to demean them, and now kind of claiming it.

They were sitting in a playground, and it was dark. Eddie'd had to sneak out of the house to make it. Especially since his argument with his mom over his gazebo drugs, she had been even more overbearing than before. It felt suffocating.

But as Eddie turned his gaze to his friends, it felt a little easier.

Ben and Bill were sitting next to each other, somewhat awkwardly, Stan and Mike were chatting together quietly, and Beverly and Richie were talking by the swings.

Eddie's breath caught in his chest.

He'd faced It, he'd walked through greywater, he'd confronted his mom- but he couldn't do this one thing. Couldn't talk to one of his best friends.

Beverly caught his eye and motioned for him to join them, and he did, heart going faster as he tried to avoid eye contact with Richie.

They'd always been close, with their banter being a large part of the groups' dynamic, but this summer something had changed between them. Eddie wasn't 100% sure what, but he knew that it felt like more than he could handle.

"Eds?"

Eddie returned to the conversation. "Stop calling me that," he said, but it was half-hearted.

"You love it. Anyway. You alright?"

"I'm fine."

Beverly cleared her throat. "I can't believe I'll be going soon."

Eddie frowned and turned to her. "You're leaving?"

"Yeah. With my dad gone and... everything... there's not really much reason to stay."

"This sucks," Richie remarked, "Now we're gonna be less Pretty in Pink."

Beverly pulled the finger at him and rolled her eyes, then leaned over a little, and said something quietly.

Richie went red, and Eddie stared in surprise. It usually took a lot to embarrass Richie. Now he wondered what Bev had said...

"Anyway!" Richie exclaimed, giving Beverly a hard look, "I was thinking, this is like, one of the last times we'll all be together, you know?"

Eddie bit his lip. "Unless... It... comes back."

They went quiet.

"What were you thinking?" Beverly prompted Richie, and the rest of the group were starting to crowd around now.

"Yeah, so I was thinking we could all hang out sometime. But like, without the killer clown."

Mike frowned a little. "I guess we haven't really hung out other than that."

Eddie looked around and realised how little he really knew about the group. And, looking at Richie, maybe even himself.

"What would we do?" Stan asked.

"I don't know, a movie? The arcade? A-"

"Y-you spent like three weeks in that a-arcade," Bill interrupted him.

"Are-Aren't you sick of it by now?"

Richie rolled his eyes "Whatever. You know what I mean."

"It could be fun," Eddie said, glancing at Richie, feeling a strange heat in his chest.

As the next hour of star watching and giggling went by, and the kids started to leave, only Beverly, Richie and Eddie were left.

"I should get going," Beverly said, giving Richie a look, "I'll see you guys later."

She left, and Eddie waited until her footsteps were far away.

"That was weird," he mumbled, and Richie frowned.

"What do you mean?" He looked slightly uncomfortable.

"The way she just left, so quickly. Kinda weird."

"I guess," Richie said, kicking a rock across the ground. He turned to Eddie. "I wanna tell you something."

"Uh- okay. What?" Eddie half expected him to make a joke, but he

looked serious.

"It's kinda- i don't know..."

"Richie, it's okay. You can tell me anything," Eddie said, and reached out for Richie's hand.

Even after the strange change between them over the summer, it was still an instinct.

Richie looked down at Eddie's hand, then took a deep breath, and threaded his fingers with Eddie's.

Eddie nearly stopped breathing for a second. "Oh."

Richie looked at Eddie, seeming nervous. "Yeah?"

Eddie could feel his cheeks getting red. Was this what the summer had been leading to? "Yeah," he whispered, and squeezed Richie's hand.

They didn't talk any more that night, just lay on the playground's padded floor, looking at the stars, their hands holding each others.